Pal. Looke to thine owne well *Arcite.*

Fight againe. Hornes.

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.

Theſeus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That gainſt the tenor of my Lawes
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By *Caſtor* both ſhall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theſeus*,
We are certainly both Traitors, both deſpiſers
Of thee, and of thy goodneſſe: I am *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Priſon,
Thinke well, what that deſerves; and this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground
A Falſer neu'r ſeem'd friend: This is the man
Was begd and baniſh'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'ſt doe; and in this diſguiſe
Againſt this owne Edict followes thy Siſter,
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*
Whoſe ſervant, (if there be a right in seeing,
And firſt bequeathing of the ſoule to) juſtly
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.
This treacherie like a moſt truſty Lover,
I call'd him now to anſwer; if thou bee'ſt
As thou art ſpoken, great and vertuous,
The true deſcider of all injuries,
Say, Fight againe, and thou ſhalt ſee me *Theſeus*
Doe ſuch a Iuſtice, thou thy ſelfe wilt envie,
Then take my life, Ile wooe thee too't.

Per. O heaven,
What more then man is this!

Theſ. I have ſworne.

Arc. We ſeeke not
Thy breath of mercy *Theſeus*, Tis to me
A thing as ſoone to dye, as thee to ſay it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me ſay thus much; if in love be Treaſon,
In ſervice of ſo excellent a Beutie,

As I love moſt, and in that faith will periſh,
As I have brought my life here to confirme it,
As I have ſerv'd her trueſt, worthieſt,
As I dare kill this Coſen, that denies it,
So let me be moſt Traitor, and ye pleaſe me:
For ſcorning thy Edict Duke, aske that Lady
Why ſhe is faire, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if ſhe ſay Traytor,
I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.

Pal. Thou ſhalt have pitty of us both, o *Theſeus*,
If unto neither thou ſhew mercy, ſtop,
(As thou art juſt) thy noble eare againſt us,
As thou art valiant; for thy Coſens ſoule
Whoſe 12. ſtrong labours crowne his memory,
Lets die together, at one inſtant Duke,
Onely a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soule he ſhall not have her.

Theſ. I grant your wiſh, for to ſay true, your Coſen
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy then you found, Sir, your offenſes
Being no more then his: None here ſpeake for 'em
For ere the Sun ſet, both ſhall ſleepe for ever.

Hipol. Alas the pitty, now or never Siſter
Speake not to be denide; That face of yours
Will beare the curſes elſe of after ages
For theſe loſt Coſens.

Emil. In my face deare Siſter
I finde no anger to 'em, nor no ruyn,
The miſadventure of their owne eyes kill 'em;
Yet that I will be woman, and have pitty,
My knees ſhall grow to 'th ground but Ile get mercie.
Helpe me deare Siſter, in a deede ſo vertuous,
The powers of all women will be with us,
Moſt royall Brother.

Hipol. Sir by our tye of Marriage.

Emil. By your owne ſpotleſſe honour.

Hip. By that faith,
That faire hand, and that honeſt heart you gave me,